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The Emperor's Lessons: Part V

Spattered sunlight breaks the clouds,
mountains lie soundless and black.

Twilight nears and breezes burn
the skin of those who'd tread this plain
with fear in follow.

My daughter, enter The Range of Awe.

Amongst elder folds of continent
frozen quick in ancient times,
there lies a portal of forlorn tale
that leads to realms of the lost:

Lords and Ladies,
prisms of evil,
bleak men and women
in black rainbow mines.

Their malevolence thrives indefinite,
my daughter.

They've no fear at all of Gods or humans,
they simply fear
their own reflections.

Be wary young ruler,
and leave them be.